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IN TIME OF WAR.

There are white faces in each sunny street,
And signs of trouble meet us every where;
The nation's pulse is an uneasy beat,
For scents of battle fill the summer air.

A thrill goes through the city's busy life,
And then—as when a strong man smites his thigh,
A stillness comes, and each one in his place
Waits for the news of triumph, loss and death.

The "extra" fall like rain upon a drought,
And started people crowd around the board
Whereon the nation's sum of loss or gain
In rule and hurried characters is scored.

Perhaps it is a glorious triumph gleam—
An earnest of our future's recompense;
Perhaps it is a story of defeat,
Which smiteth like a fatal pestilence.

But whether failure darkens all the land,
Or whether victory sets its blood ablaze,
An awful cry, a mighty throbbing pain,
Shall scarce the sweetness from these summer days.

God! How the land grows rich in loyal blood,
Based on the soil of the Union's might;
The increase of a people's sacrifice,
The wrested offering of a people's strength!

It is the excellent fruit of the soil,
"To plow, to sow, to reap, to reap a seed;
But hark! the title written clear and signed
In some slain hero's consecrated blood.

And not a power that gains its meaning here,
But through the will of the nation's heart,
Of tears that cease a nation's streaming heart,
When the Lord of battles smites it through and through!

(From the Cleveland Herald.)
A DAY AT THE OHIO REFORM FARM.

THE FARM AND SURROUNDINGS.

The Ohio Reform Farm is elegantly located on the crest of the Hills of Hocking township, six miles South of the rich old town of Lancaster, Fairfield county, at an elevation of about six hundred feet above the broad and fertile valley of the Hocking river. It contains eleven hundred and seventy acres of land, and cost the State fifteen thousand dollars. The scenery reminds one of the rugged hills and narrow valleys of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, and to a dweller of the level Lake Shore it seems hardly possible that so rough and romantic a region can be found so near, in Central Ohio. The views from all portions of the table lands of the Farm possess singular diversification and beauty. All around the horizon emerald hills on hills arise, stretching away in the distance to the apparent altitude of respectable mountains. The ravines on the Farm are deep, many of them in their original wilderness. At several points ledges of sand rock crop out—the "Rock of Ages" on Army Creek towering three hundred and fifty feet above the bed of the rivulet, and the "Rock of Truth" three hundred. At "Christmas Rock" the mighty wedges of nature have split the solid stone into immense chasms which form winding galleries of considerable extent and easily accessible to visitors, the paths carpeted with dead leaves, the walls covered with delicately tinted green moss, while far above patches of blue sky gleam down between the white-limbed birch and the dark-leaved pine. The ruins of a mill, with its broken dam and decaying wheels, a pioneer log-cabin long vacant, and a primitive cider-mill in the midst of an old hill-side apple orchard, the field now nibbled close by the white flocks of the shepherd, complete the rare and lovely picture of the Army of the Ohio Reform Farm.

THE FARM BUILDINGS AND THEIR COST.

The buildings consist of four Family Homes—two of hewn logs and two of brick, the latter Swiss in style—a large brick central building, the residence of the Acting Commissioner and family, and containing an office, a neat chapel, and the extensive dining hall and kitchen of the Farm. A workshop and two barns complete the establishment. Only about seventeen thousand dollars have been expended in buildings thus far. Eight thousand dollars were appropriated by the General Assembly last winter, from which fund two beautiful brick buildings are being erected this season—one for an additional Family of boys—the other a larger dining hall and much needed conveniences connected with the central mansion. The stone are quarried from, and the brick manufactured, on the Farm. This makes an aggregate of forty thousand dollars for the Farm and all the buildings on it. The amount is much less than has been expended by any

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THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

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other State that has built a Refuge in which to restrain their bad boys. The city of Cincinnati alone has erected a House of Refuge at a cost of \$175,000, and it will not accommodate more boys than can be provided for at the State Reform School upon the completion of the buildings now being erected.

IMPROVEMENTS, ORCHARDS, VINEYARDS.
The large front lawn has been graded by the boys—a work which would have cost three thousand dollars in hired labor. It is well arranged with walks and drives, and beautified with trees, shrubs and flowers. The locality of the Farm is one of the best in the State for fruit, the crop very seldom failing. Over eighty acres are now in orchards, and four and a half in vineyards. All the fruits grown are choice and profitable varieties. Some six thousand peach trees are in bearing, all presenting a healthy and very thrifty appearance. The trees are headed low, and mostly in fruit this season. Two thousand peach trees were set out this year. There is also a peach nursery of fifty thousand trees on the Farm. The apple orchards number about fifteen hundred trees, five hundred of eight years growth and loaded with fruit. One hundred pear trees of four years growth, one hundred of two years, and six hundred dwarf pear trees, are flourishing on the Farm. Two hundred cherry and fifty plum trees are also doing well. The vineyards were trenched two feet and a half deep, and the vines in bearing are full of just ripening Catawbas. All the fruits on the Farm are colored, fine flavored, and of large size, and find ready market. Much attention is devoted to the culture of the raspberry, gooseberry, strawberry and currants, and to a vegetable garden. Everything in the orchard and garden department does great credit to the skill and industry of the gardener, Mr. John D. Clarke, of Lancaster, and his many boy-helpers. The occupation is admirably adapted to please, instruct, and reform delinquent youth, and prepare them for lives of usefulness.

THE REFORM FARM BOYS.

There are at present one hundred and ninety-five boys at the Farm. This is more than can be conveniently accommodated, but the pressure has been so great to secure admission for bad boys, that the Commissioners have been disposed to exercise the most liberal indulgence. On account of the crowded condition of the School, but very few have been received for the last year and a half, except criminals. These boys range from seven to seventeen years of age, and their offences will embrace almost the entire catalogue of crimes known to the Courts. One of the youngest, not yet eight years old, was sent to the Penitentiary for arson, and transferred to the Reform Farm. This is indeed a sad record, for wayward lads should not be allowed to commence a criminal course before they are surrounded by reformatory influences. We are certain, however, that the boys are greatly improved by being at the Farm, and that many of them are thoroughly reformed.

HOW THIS IS ACCOMPLISHED.

The entire system of Physical, Intellectual and Moral training seems to be such as to develop the boys in an eminent degree. The systematic outdoor labor of the garden, the vineyard and the orchard, together with the healthfulness of the location, produces a ruddiness of countenance and strength of body, such as we have seldom before seen. In fact, the boys with their cleanliness, regular habits, industry, recreations, freedom from tobacco and intoxicating drinks—use of fruits, living on plain, wholesome fare, and plenty of it—become so strong and healthy that a physician is seldom called. It was five years last January since the Institution received its first inmates, and during all this period but a single death from disease has occurred at the Farm. September 1st there was not a case of sickness; and it is the report of Acting Commissioner Howe that "every boy received into the Institution, even in delicate health, has invariably become strong and robust."

In their Intellectual training, the boys are taught by experienced young gentlemen, most of whom are graduates of our best schools and colleges. The boys receive but about three hours schooling per day—but from thorough classification, and an accurate instruction, their advantages seem to be equal to those attending our best regulated common schools.

Great attention is given to their moral training. The boys attend Divinity service regularly each Sabbath. They also have one of the best Sabbath

Schools in the State. There are morning and evening devotions, and they also say Grace before each meal. A majority of the boys voluntarily kneel by their bedside and engage in silent prayer, before retiring at night, and after arising in the morning. They are taught to be respectful, polite, obedient and kind—to refrain from profane language and vulgar expressions—and it is remarkable how cheerfully they adopt and carry out the desires of their teachers. The great and ruling spirit which seems to pervade and govern the Institution, is kindness. Many of these boys have never before had the blessed opportunities they now enjoy, and it is truly gratifying to see how they appreciate them, and how nobly they are striving to overcome their past weaknesses, and to adopt new modes of life and will increase their usefulness and happiness.

A DAY OF BOY-LIFE AT THE FARM.

Doubtless the reader, as well as the visitor, marvels how it is possible for Commissioner Howe, four Elder Brothers, and a Gardener, to keep two hundred of the recently worst boys in Ohio at the Farm, with not a single guard and no enclosure but a rail-fence! Such is the fact, and yet in 1862 but one boy escaped from the Institution, while thirty-four reformed were discharged to the care of their friends, eight to care of themselves, and nine were indentured. Some of the general reasons for these gratifying results we have already given. Let us look in familiarly upon the boys for a day, and the secret of success will be better understood.

The boys are classed into Families of about fifty each, and have their separate Homes, each in charge of an Elder Brother, a young man who acts as governor and instructor. The present Elder Brothers are J. E. Clarke, of Cincinnati; W. S. Carpenter, of Kenosha, Wisconsin; E. S. Watterson and H. R. Watterson, of Newburg. Mr. Clarke has charge of the Home known as the "Cuyahoga Family." From March 1st to November 1st, the boys rise on week days when the Farm bell rings at 5 1/2 A. M., and are washed and dressed ready for breakfast at 6, in the general dining hall, at which an Elder Brother presides. The present form for Grace at the table is in the following appropriate words said by the boys, after being seated, in concert:

"Accept our thanks and bless this food, as we receive it, with humble gratitude. May we grow from grace to grace, and be prepared for usefulness."

On rising from breakfast, the Lord's Prayer is repeated in concert. The boys then retire in single file, each as he passes the open folding doors between the hall and the family dining room, making graceful military salutation to the Acting Commissioner, his lady, the Elder Brothers, and casual guests, who remain seated. The best of order and decorum are maintained by the boys at the table and in going to and from the hall. Indeed, they set an example for all well regulated families.

The boys march with military step and time to the brick walk across the lawn between the Cuyahoga and Muskingum Families, and there form in line, the largest in the centre. The Elder Brother calls the "Gardener's Force to the front," when the boys of his division step into line at the centre, two paces in front, and the lads in the rear draw close up to the centre. The Gardener perhaps wants more than his usual force for the day, and names to the Elder Brother his selections. They fall in as called, when the Gardener says—"Right dress!"—"Right face!"—"March!"—"Left!"—"Left!"—"Left!"—until the foot-fall to the field dress away in the distance. So of the other "Forces"—some to the peach orchards to gather fruit; some to budding in the nursery; some to clearing in the woods; some to grading the earth from the new buildings; some to eastern digging; some to the plow-field; some to town with peaches; and others to various employments, until the long line of quiet but happy-looking lads has entirely disappeared. Thus they engage in light and pleasant industry under the eye of the Elder Brothers—but not the whip—five and a half hours, when the Farm bell rings at 12 M., for dinner. The boys assemble in their several "Families," wash, and at the second ring repair in order to the table. After dinner they play till 1 1/2 P. M. at ball, marbles, jumping, tag, quoits, turning poles, etc., making the grounds lively with the fun and frolic of youth, but not noisy. Stroll round among the lads in their sports. You are everywhere treated with respect, and not a profane or vulgar word is heard, and no rowdy or quarrelsome conduct seen. The Elder Brothers play with the boys and keep within proper bounds while they give zest to their mirth. Mr. Howe often unbends and enjoys a leap on one foot with the smartest of the lads. School on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, from 1 1/2 to 4 P. M. Then labor from 4 to 7 P. M.—

Same time, Wednesday, labor. Same time, Saturday, preparing clothes for Sabbath. Supper at 6, then Moral training to 8 1/2, and private reading under direction of Elder Brothers till 9, when all retire to bed.

Sunday, rise at 6 A. M.; be washed and dressed at 6 1/2; breakfast and devotional exercises till 7 1/2; moral review of the week till 9 1/2; Sunday School at 11; a walk upon the farm till 12 M.; dinner and recreation till 2 P. M.; Church service till 4; walk upon the farm till 6; supper and recreation till 7; moral, educational and conversational exercises till 8, when all retire.

Such is boy life at the Farm. The rewards of good conduct are money, books and marks of merit and distinction. Punishment for bad is proportioned to the offense, and consists of marks of disapprobation upon the person at table, the school-room and the dormitory; solitary confinement, personal chastisement, and expulsion from the Farm. It is seldom indeed that punishment becomes necessary. The School is eminently on the family system. The government and discipline paternal, firm and kind.

INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE.

The pleasure of a day at the Ohio Reform Farm was much enhanced by the company of John A. Foot, Esq., of this city, one of the Advisory Commissioners, whose kindness of heart is proverbial, and whose frequent visits are always welcomed by everybody connected with the Institution. While visiting the various points of interest on the Farm, we came across a force of some twenty of the smallest boys, busily making a walk to and along a precipice overlooking a deep glen. They had previously cleared the point of high land of underbrush, and now were grubbing up the whortleberries that under walking unpleasant to ladies. The little roadmakers stopped at the sight of their warm friend, and gathering about him each shook his hand heartily, with—"How do you do, Brother Foot?"—"We are glad to see you, Brother Foot!"—and the usual sunshine of his face glowed brighter in the reflex from the happy contentment of the child-workers. After salutations, Mr. Foot said—"Come boys, let us give you a song?"—"when they struck up 'Rally round the flag, boys'—and made the grove vocal with patriotic echoes. Meeting the axe-brigade the next day marching merrily to their task with tools on shoulders—"Good morning, Brother Foot!" and a military salute with the hand, was given by each minor man in passing. The evening exercises in the Chapel were interesting and impressive. The two hundred boys sat quietly at their pin-fall could be heard, and were the most attentive audience Mr. Foot ever addressed. He was enthusiastically applauded. Under the lead of Elder Brother Clarke, Sunday School hymns, and Patriotic Songs were finely sung, and the Old Hundred of the Reform Farm boys excelled some congregational efforts in the Cleveland Stone Church. Mr. Howe asked the boys from Cleveland to raise their right hand, and the big show was anything but creditable to the character of the boys of the Forest City. Between thirty and forty are now at the Farm, seventeen of whom were received from Cleveland last year. Mr. Howe read a portion of Scripture, when the boys recited the Lord's Prayer and withdrew in the same good order they came in. The Chapel has a good piano, and there is an instrumental band sustained entirely at the expense of the teachers and officers of the Institution. In company with Mr. Howe was visited two of the Family dormitories just after the boys had retired, found them occupying comfortable beds, and on leaving—"Good night, Brother Howe!"—ran from bed to bed in blessed benediction. On inquiry, we learned that the manifestations of good will recorded are entirely voluntary on the part of the boys—a fact that speaks volumes in favor of kind treatment of erring lads.

MILITARY DRILLS AND SPIRIT.

We witnessed a military drill of the boys by Elder Brother Clarke. The evolutions were executed with the promptness and precision of veterans, and their double-quick showed that the trained Farm boys do not lack in alertness or wind. Their patriotism cannot be questioned, as nearly a hundred boys discharged from the Institution have proved their loyalty by enlisting in the army in defense of their country. Of these, a respectable number have won and now wear shoulder-straps. During the Morgan raid the freebooter passing only some fifteen miles from the Farm—it was found difficult to prevent the larger boys from shouldering the State arms at the Institution, and joining his pursuers. They were bound to have a crack at Morgan had his raid reached their domain.

WORKSHOPS AND HOUSEWORK.

The Tailor Shop and Shoe Shop manufacture the clothing of the boys. They have working and Sunday suits, the latter caps, blue jackets and grey pants, in which they make a uniform and fine appearance. Mr. J. T. Wade, of Painesville, has charge of the Shoe Shop, and a lady of the Tailor Shop. A woman has charge of the kitchen department and another of the washroom. Boys mainly do the labor in both, and do it well. Mrs. Howe—the good mother to the boys, who looks to all their wants from a cut finger to a broken leg—prefers their house-help to hired, and give good report of their

neatness, industry, demeanor, and aptness in domestic labors.

WANTS OF THE FARM.

Most of all the Institution needs a few hundred acres of good grass and corn land, as the present farm, though excellent for fruit, will not support half the stock necessary for comfort and profit. Such land can be purchased in the vicinity at fair rates, and an appropriation should be made by the next Legislature for that purpose. There is no use in caviling about the cost, for the city of Cleveland alone could well afford to meet it in return for three valuable considerations in the reform of her bad boys. How much more than the whole State, which, during the year ending Nov. 1st, 1862, had a total of two hundred and forty-seven of her wayward children, the most of them criminals, growing from bad to better and best under the benign influences of the State Reform Farm. Of these, sixty-one reformed were discharged during the year.

Another want is good and suitable books—histories, travels, etc. The boys have much time to read, and many do so with avidity. Last year the Commissioners acknowledged some valuable contributions—still the library is much too small for the wants of the inmates of the Institution.

VISITORS—CONCLUSION.

The Ohio Reform Farm has been so popularized under the admirable management of Acting Commissioner George E. Howe, of Lancaster; Advisory Commissioners, John A. Foot of Cleveland, and James D. Ladd of Steubenville, assisted by the great helpmeet, Mrs. Howe, and the Elder Brothers; that during the pleasant season visitors daily flock there to enjoy the pure atmosphere and delightful scenery, and witness the wonderful workings of a system combining industry and kindness, by which a Moral World is created steadily and surely, and from materials rejected, of all men save the truly philanthropic and good. We wish that every citizen could spend a day at the Ohio Reform Farm. They would then better appreciate the neglected and erring Children of Society in their neighborhood, perchance family, and remember with gratitude the Hon. James Monroe, of Lorain, and the other founders and active friends of a model Charity which so blesses and honors our noble State.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

A delegate of the Christian Commission laboring at Jefferson Barracks Hospital, St. Louis, gives the following account of the work which a devoted Christian lady is doing there for her Savior and her suffering countrymen. The next prominent instrumentality, under God's grace, in the religious work here is a woman. In an unoccupied room in the barracks, furnished with three chairs, a stand, and a hospital cot, we found this devoted lady. Here she has labored for six months among the sick and wounded, receiving no pay, but her whole heart appearing to be absorbed in her Christ-like work. Sometimes there have been nearly two thousand patients, requiring all manner of religious counsel. To each she speaks directly, making personal appeals and urging the impatient to go to Christ. She has a peculiarly simple, natural and impressive manner of talking about religious subjects that makes one feel sure that she is most sincere, unassuming of herself, and nothing more than her fellow-sinner. We perceived from incidental remarks that she dropped that it is no ordinary trial for her to pass through the distressing scenes incident to the hospital. She could not witness the death struggle. She had done so at first, and was sick several days after. During the day the interest of each new case would sustain her, but when she came back to her lonely room at night, the distressed faces of the day would come up before her most painfully. Then, too, she would often hear the death-tread beneath her window at different hours of the night, and know that one of "her men," as she called them, was being borne to his burial. She would feel wretchedly and close the shutters tight. Her friends warned her that she was exposed to dangerous diseases. Her noble reply was, "I am immortal till my work is done."

Still, she perseveres in her labor, and would esteem it her sorest trial to be removed from it. We shall never forget the hours of delightful communion with this worthy Christian lady. The prayers of Christians should ascend for her that she may be supported and still further blessed in her most fatiguing but self-imposed labor.

Better Thoughts of the Army.

We take the following excellent and touching paragraphs from the New York correspondent of the Times, with the Army of the Potomac. It is the other and better side of the stories we get from camp, of the moral and morale of the soldiers:

RELIGIOUS FEELINGS IN THE ARMY.

The morals of the army are much higher than many think. There are rough fellows in plenty, to be sure; swearing and drinking officers are to be found without searching for; but, also, there is no lack of praying officers and men. I know many Colonels, particularly among the New England troops, who are as pious as they are brave—men who never swear at a soldier, and permit no profane language to be used in their camp. I know Brigadier and Major-Generals of the same spirit; and they are among the

bravest and best soldiers of the army.

If you walk through the camp at night you may hear soldiers praying, not merely for themselves or those at home from whom they have so long been absent, but for their country, for the Union, for that flag which is so dear to them. I have often heard them, often. There is a deep feeling among the men that the hand of Providence is leading them on; that God is their great General, and that He watches over the country, and means, in His good time, to restore it to a higher and nobler life, to a peace which shall be lasting and honorable. Americans—of the free States at least—are a curiously thoughtful race, fond of studying out and reasoning upon the mysterious course by which Providence leads nations and men. This army life has developed this spirit, and our soldiers look for the finger of Providence in all that befalls them or their country. They let neither defeat, disaster nor victory unduly excite them, but say in their hearts, "In God's good time all will be well."

Strange feelings come over the men when they have been so long away from home, in the midst of dangers and privations, as this army has. Their hearts are softened; they have seen, how often, the hand of Providence stretched out to save them from death; they have lived near to Nature; they have suffered in many ways, but most of all they have suffered through their absence from home and kindred. They are like seamen long storm-tossed on a tedious voyage.

PRAYER FOR HOOKER.

I heard some time ago a touching story, which may find a place here. On the night before the great battle of Chancellorsville a general officer, who had business with General Hooker, was walking through his own camp on his way to headquarters, when he heard one of his soldiers, in the darkness, praying earnestly for the Commanding General. He prayed that God would make General Hooker circumstances, wise, capable for the great work he had to do; he asked that the General might have power to guide his great army, to lead them to victory over the enemies of the Union; and then he prayed that God would give General Hooker command over himself—that he might be a good and God-fearing man, and that in all things he might acknowledge the will and the power of God.

About Heaven.

Heaven is not a mere state of being, but a place. When the believer dies, his spirit does not go forth to float about in space, as a cloud drifts in the sky, but it goes in a home-land—a city that hath foundation. Christ said to his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also." The abode of the spirit will, no doubt, be widely different from earth. But it will not be immaterial, as some imagine. It will not be cold and shadowy, but a city with mansions—a city lighted up by the smile of God, filled with the bright forms and glad voices of saints and angels.

Where this place is, we know not, and it is idle to try to learn. It may be on some star that we gaze upon every night. It may be in those richly clustered stars which we call the Milky Way, or it may be yet nearer, and built of such material that our gross senses perceive it. But it is a place to which the souls of the redeemed can go as soon as they leave the earth. It was after three o'clock when the penitent thief expired, but that very day he was in paradise.

Heaven, though a place of rest, is not a place of inactivity. John saw it in symbols from his island prison, and was his vision one of moonlight and of stillness, or of low and gentle melodies wooing to repose? On the contrary, he saw a city full of light—a city of gold and gems to reflect that light—splendor, brilliancy, dazzling effulgence! And out of the throne which was the source and center of illumination proceeded lightnings and thunders, and voices, and round about the throne were living creatures full of eyes, who rest not day and night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." And there are many angels round about these living creatures, thousands and tens of thousands, and they are saying ever with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—*Christian Herald.*

WORK.—The best lesson a father can give his son is this—"Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into it, grasped it, and held it by the rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained."

In the sinner's life, the roses perish and the thorns are left; in the good man's, the thorns die and the roses live.

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The Printer.
B. F. Taylor of the Chicago Journal, a writer whose every word is a poetic thought, thus speaks of the Printer, truly and prettily. In those pretty pictures of language what word painter so artistic, so exquisite as he? Read it, think of it, and say, for you can't help it, "it is so."

The Printer is the Adjutant of thought and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful words that can kindle a home as no song can—that warm a heart as no hope can—that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the Author and Printer are engineers together. Engineers indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadix at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be.

There he stands at the case and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and in English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in Sterling Saxon, Saxon with the ring of spear and shield therein and cast commissions it when we are dead, to move gradually on to the last syllable of recorded time. This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The Printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime toil he is performing, when he thus "sights" the engine that is to fling a wondrous truth in grander curve than missiles ever before described—flings it into the bosom of an age yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; but we wonder rather that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered to the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon a car; but the Printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he sends it forth from the Ark that had preserved it, and it flies into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.

Ohio Generals in the Army.

The most efficient generals in the army are natives of Ohio. Grant was born in Clermont county, Sherman in Fairfield, Rosecrans in Delaware, McPherson in Sandusky, and Gillmore in Lorain. They are all sons of whom Ohio and the United States may well be proud. Grant, McPherson, Gillmore and Rosecrans are of Methodist families. General Rosecrans was probably inclined to the Roman Church by the teaching of his mother, who, tho' attached the Methodist Church, and called one of her sons John Wesley, was all her life sympathizing with "the Mother Church." Old Mr. Rosecrans, tho' a professed Universalist, and a professed Unitarian, was, by the way, a Methodist institution was under a Grant and Gillmore. The father of Grant and Gillmore are still living. One of them thought he would never see the son to West Point, as it disqualified the son for business. Now he says, "I thank God that he ever gave me such a son," and believes that West Point qualifies every boy for some form of business.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Noble Speech.

The following truly eloquent speech was made by General Carrington the 11th Indiana Volunteers, preparatory to his bidding far well to the body of men. It would be well if the same speech were read to the service of the Government, and it would be of incalculable benefit if all men in doing soldiers' duty would respond in practice to its noble sentiments. The language of General Carrington on the occasion referred to was as follows: I soon leave you—do not expect a speech. I am a man of few words; they mean home, but they are the result of experience. First, avoid profane speech. He who is the God of battles, and holds the issue of life, should be revered, if you would have His blessing. The man who honors His holy name is a true soldier—he fears not to die, because he is prepared for the issue of death. Temperance is the next virtue. The best stimulant to the soldier is his coffee. Liquors are temporary, and bring relaxation, and they also involve bad habits. Water should be used frequently, but in small draughts; too much water at a time involves perspiration and weakens the body. Drink it often, but always in moderation.

Be cheerful and truthful. Be good citizens in the service as out of it—Bathing is important. Keep clean. If your feet are sore after a march, bathe them in salt water, and you will be fresh in the morning. In closing, let me say that nothing pains me so much as to see a soldier who forgets his duty as a citizen and a Christian. Be so pure that your sweethearts will honor you, every step of your progress as a soldier. If we meet again, it will be my pleasure to serve the country with you, if not, be true to the flag, and your country will honor you. To yourselves, all I have to say, after two days' drill—I am satisfied. Take that as a soldier's good-bye.

PRAYER.—One has somewhat quaintly, but very truly, said: "God looks not at the oratory of your prayers, how eloquent they are; nor at their geometry, how long they are; nor at their arithmetic, how many they are; nor at their logic, how methodical they are; but he looks at their sincerity—how spiritual they are."